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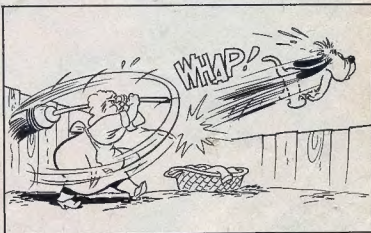
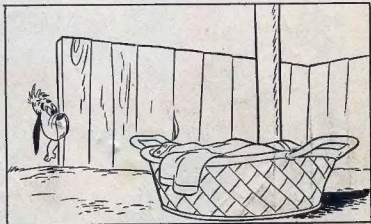
TOM & JERRY

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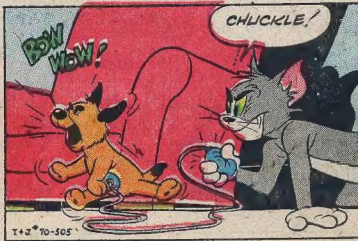
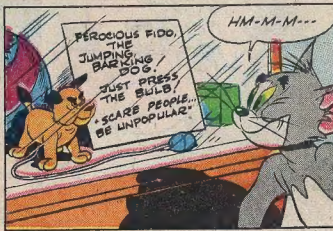
52 pages
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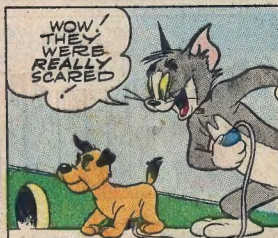
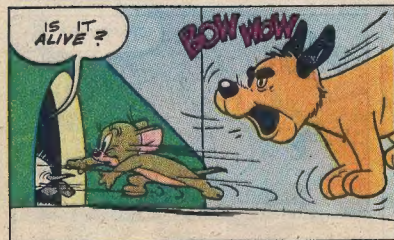
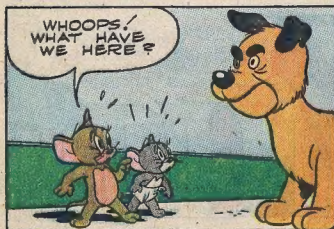
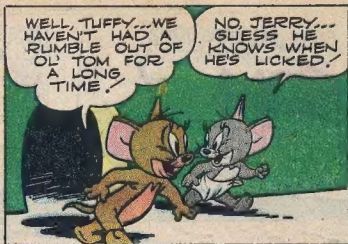


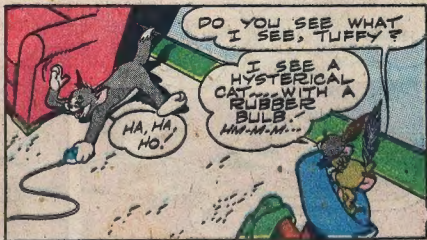
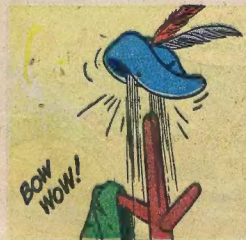
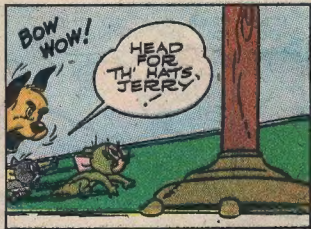
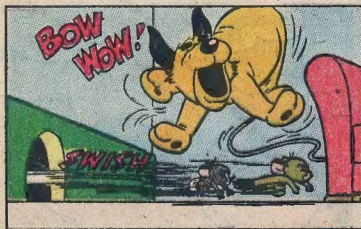
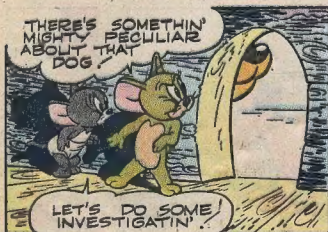
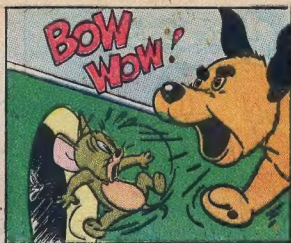
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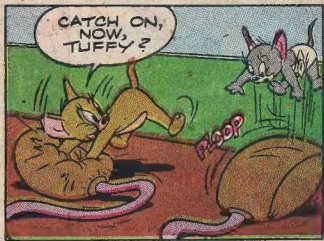
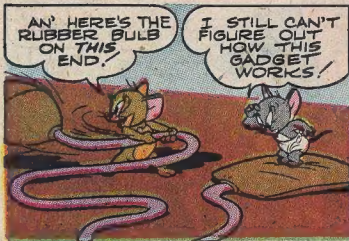
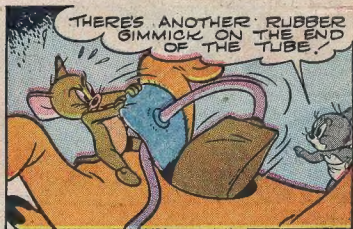
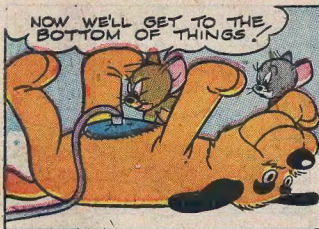
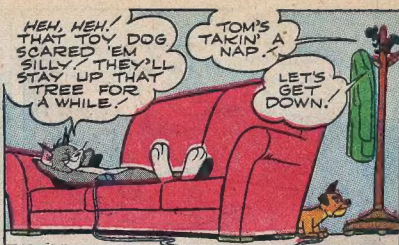


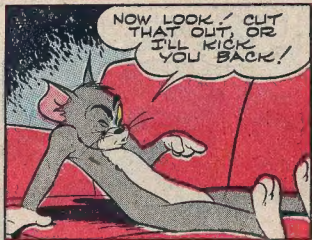
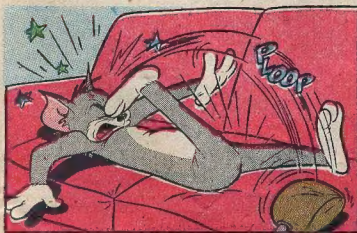
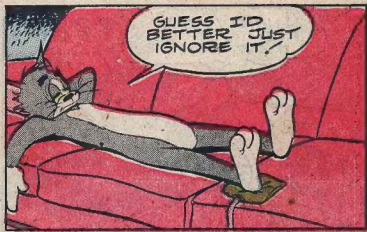
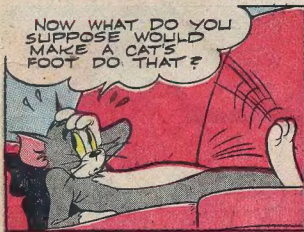
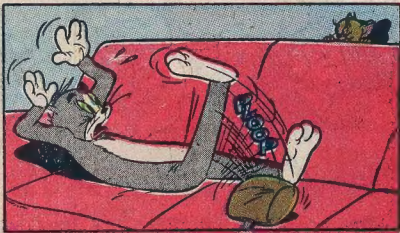
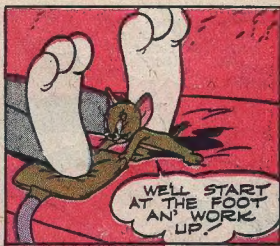
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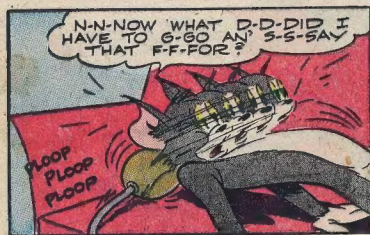
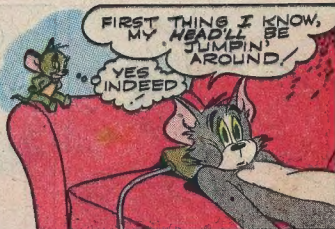
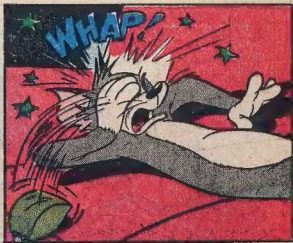
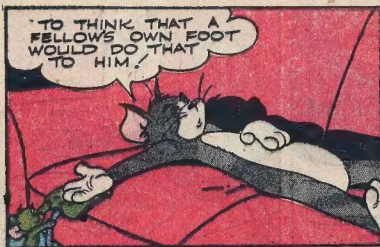


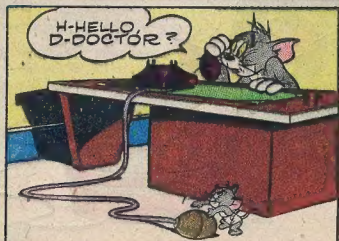
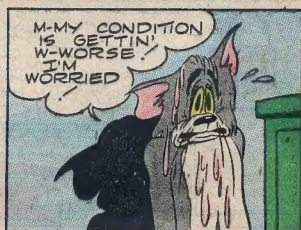
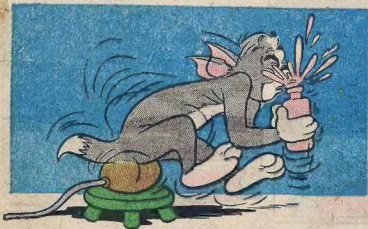
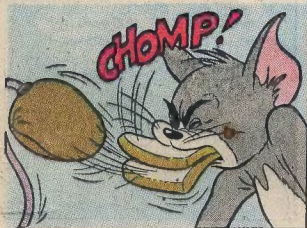
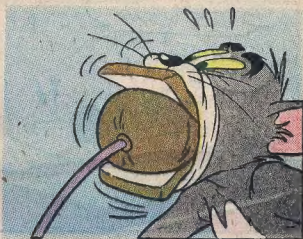


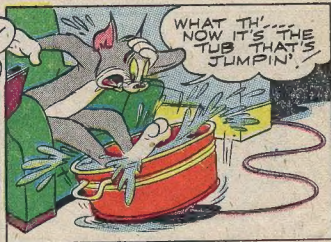
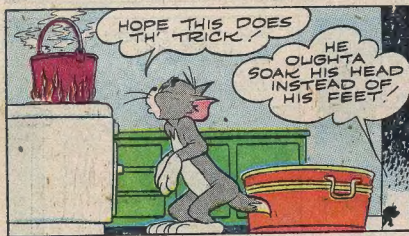
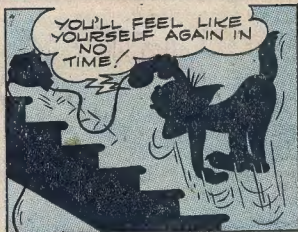
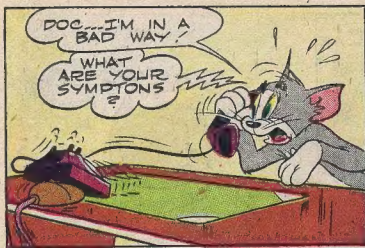


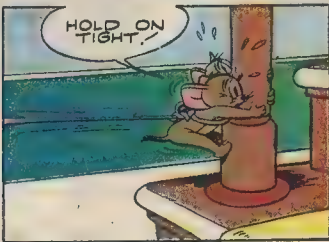
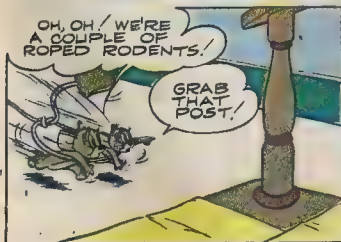
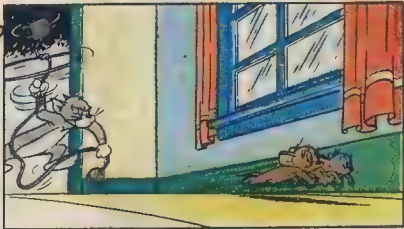
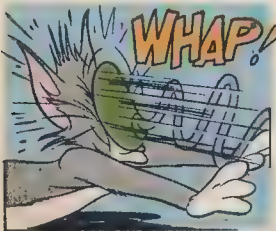
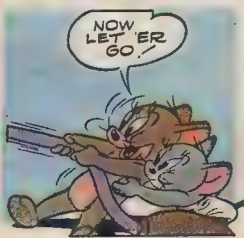
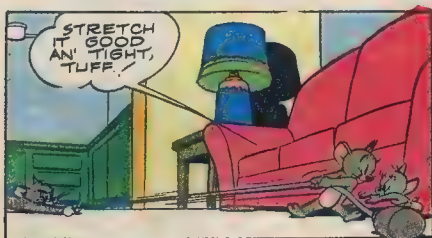
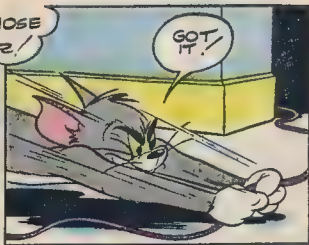
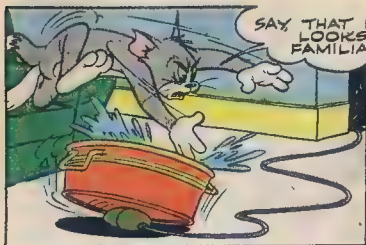


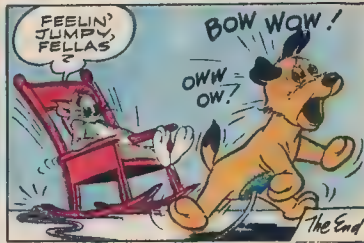
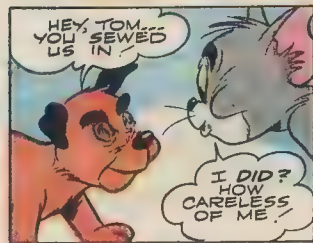
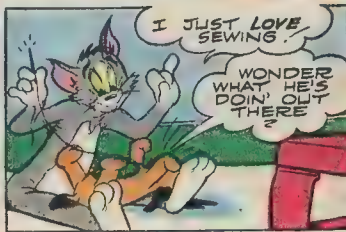
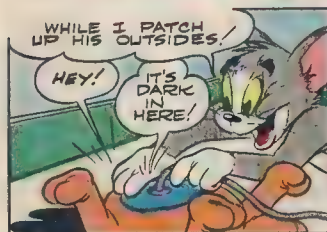
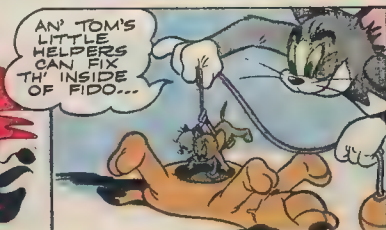
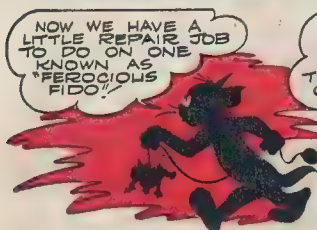
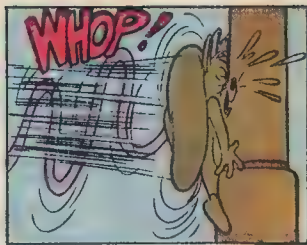


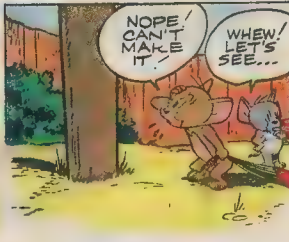
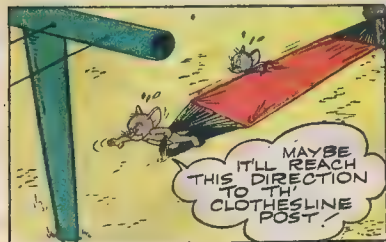
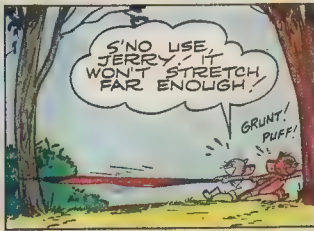
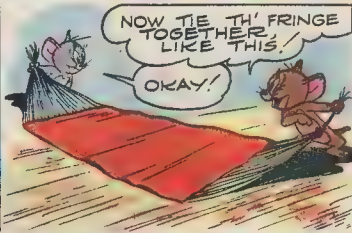
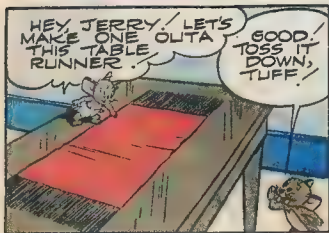
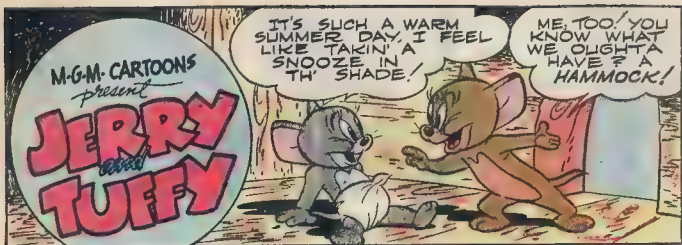


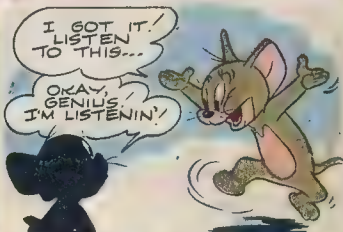
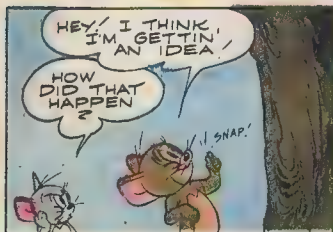
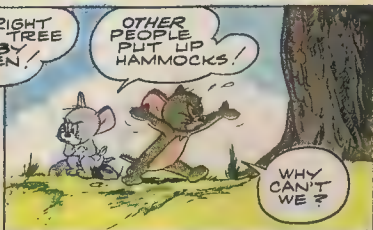
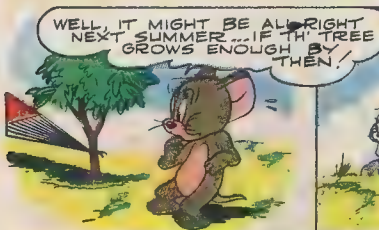
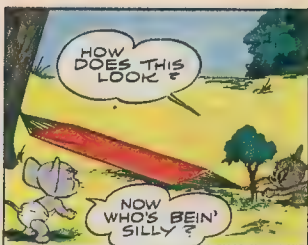
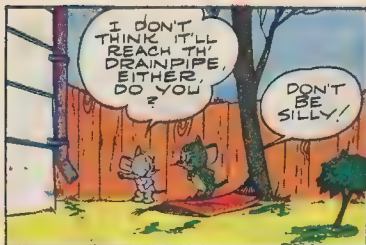




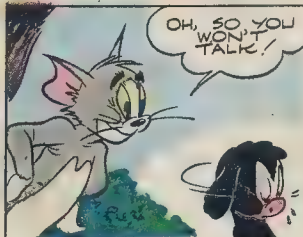
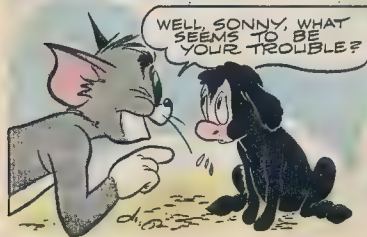
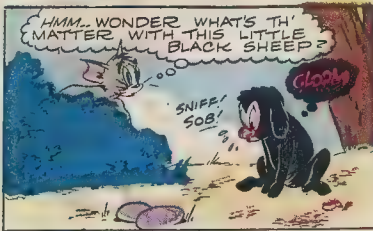
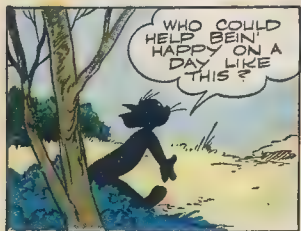
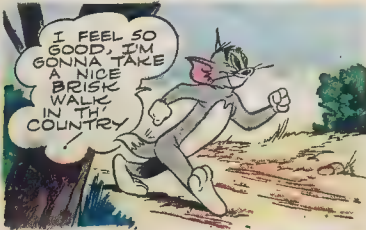
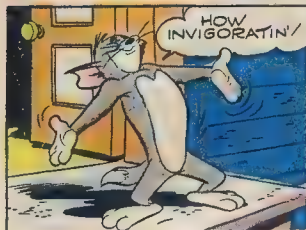
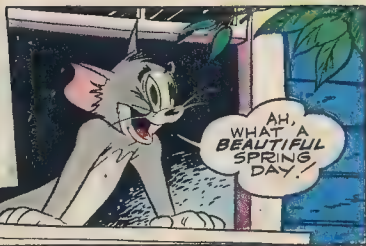


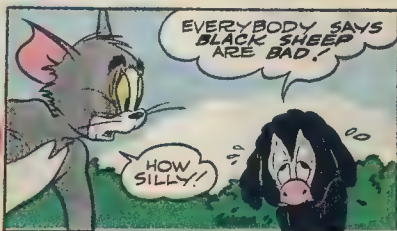
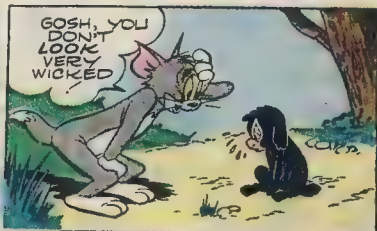
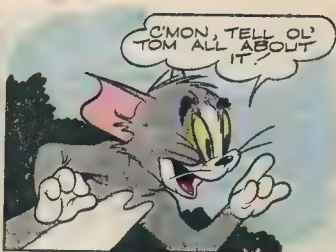


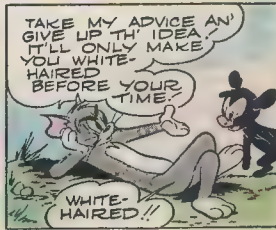
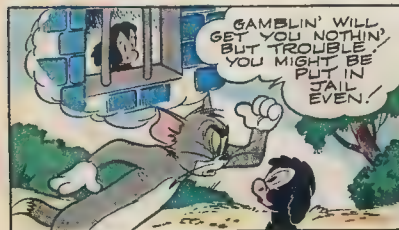
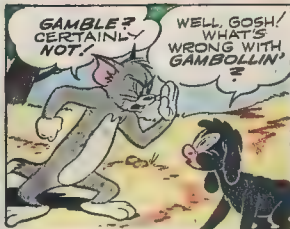
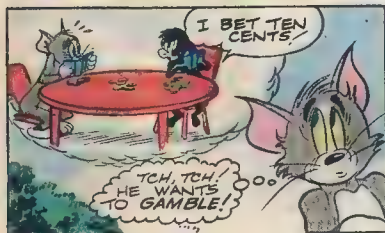
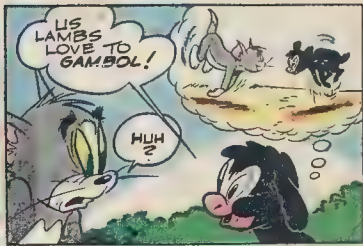


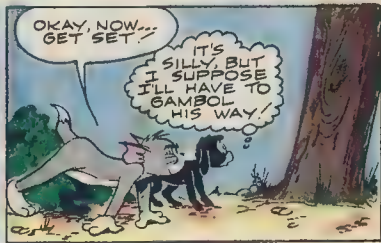
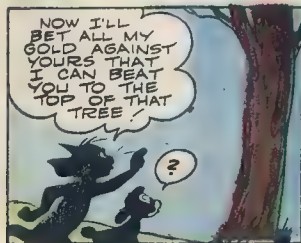
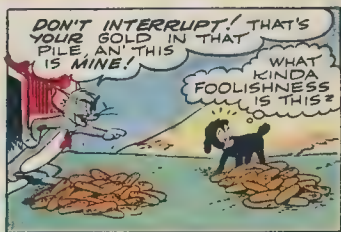
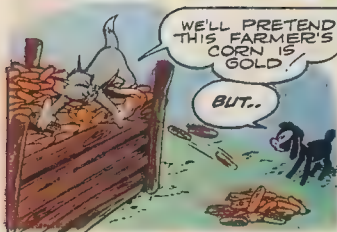
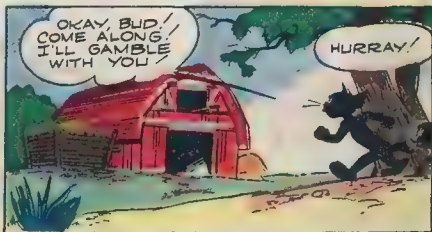
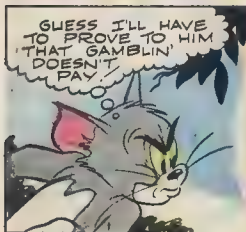
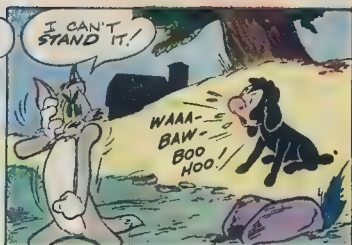
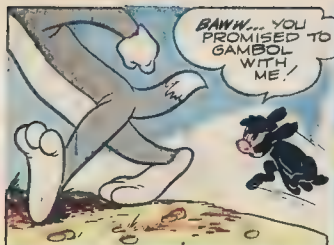


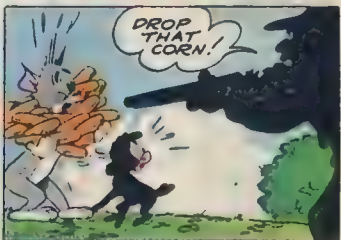
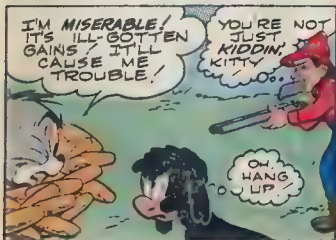
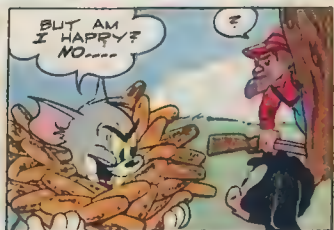
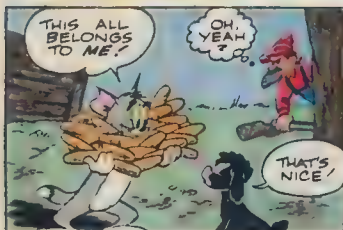
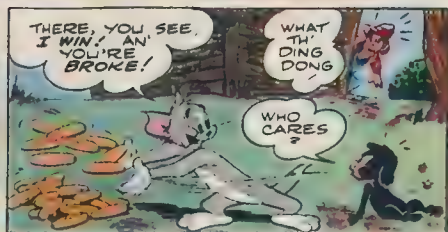
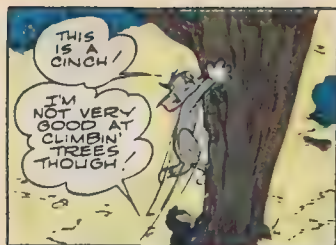
M-G-M. CARTOONS
present
**the
ADVENTURES
of TOM**

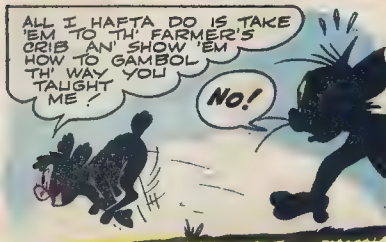
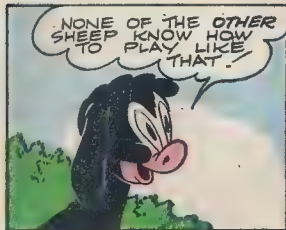
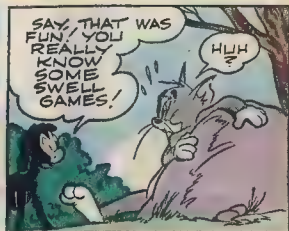
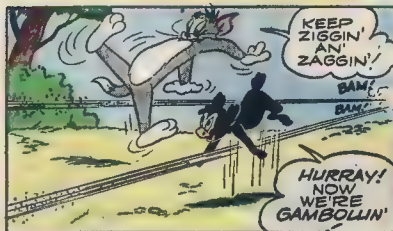
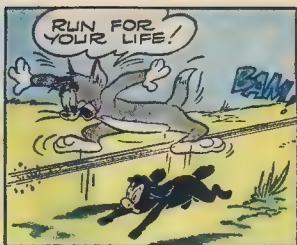
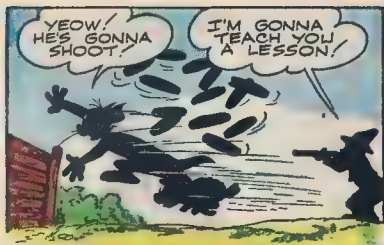












M.G.M. presents
the
ADVENTURES of **JERRY**



Jerry took another look around the little mouse apartment he shared with his pal, Tuffy. "He certainly isn't here!" thought Jerry. "I wonder where he could have disappeared?"

It was late, and usually the two small mice took advantage of the wee hours, and ventured forth into the kitchen in search of forgotten tid-bits. Tom, the house cat, could be heard snoring loudly. It was a perfect moment to grab a piece of the luscious looking cheese cake which was placed temptingly in the middle of the breakfast table.

"What a time for Tuff to go off!" muttered Jerry. "I'd better go look for him. He's probably gotten into some kind of trouble!"

Jerry scampered to the cellar door. It was open just a crack and he peeked through, and shouted at the top of his small lungs, "Tuffy!" . . . There was no answer. Jerry hurried from room to room and closet to closet, trying to locate his pal.

When the entire first floor failed to turn up even the tip of Tuffy's tail, Jerry really began to worry. Then suddenly, he had a happy thought. Why hadn't he thought of it before? "Tuffy's probably in the upstairs study! Of course! He distinctly mentioned that he wanted to seal up some of the cracks in the apartment wall, and there's a dish of taffy up there! A couple of pieces of that stuff, slightly chewed, and we could do a SWEET

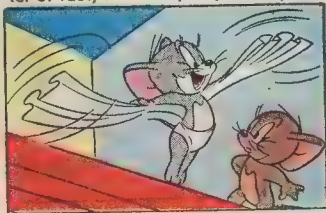
job of patching!"

Jerry hastened up the stairs, towards the study. He was certain that he would finally locate Tuffy. "Well!" exclaimed Jerry severely, when he arrived at the study entrance. "I thought you and I were all set for cheese cake tonight!"

Tuffy turned around slowly. He was perched on the desk, near the edge of a huge open book. Close to the book were two pieces of taffy, which Tuffy seemed to have completely forgotten. "Jerry," he greeted his vexed pal, "... how would you like to fly?"

From the sound of Tuffy's enraptured voice, and after a glance at the far-away look in his eyes, Jerry was certain that his roommate was delirious. "Tuff, old fellow," he said soothingly, "you're coming down with something. We'd better get you right to bed!"

"I'm not coming down with a thing!" retorted Tuffy impatiently. "As a matter of fact, I'm on my way UP! I'm go-



ing to FLY!"

Jerry didn't take his pal seriously. He hopped over to the desk and climbed up the ledges of the drawers. "Okay, Okay! I've seen a horse-fly, so now I'll watch a mouse fly! I suppose it's this book that's got you all up in the air!"

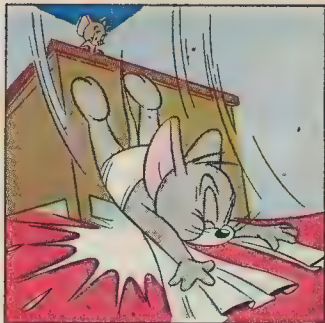
Tuffy sniffed, and ignoring his amused friend, busily started to fold a sheet of paper into a shape resembling a fan. When it was all folded, he took another sheet and did the same thing. Then, while Jerry continued to observe him with an amused skeptical gaze, Tuffy took a tube of glue off the desk. He squeezed the contents of the tube over the inside of each tiny arm, and down each side. Then, Tuffy fitted the paper fans between his arms and waist.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Jerry. "I can see what you're trying to do, Tuff, but the pictures you see in this book are flying squirrels! They're born with wing-like arms. The only thing that rig will get you, is a job doubling for an accordion!"

Tuffy sat quietly, waiting for the glue on his paper wings to dry.

Jerry climbed down from the desk. He decided that there was no reasoning with Tuffy until he found out for himself that the flying would not work. "See you later. Don't get too SORE from soaring!" Jerry quipped, and then he started out the hall and approached the head of the stairs.

"Uh, Oh!" Jerry gasped to himself. "Tom's roaming around. I don't dare



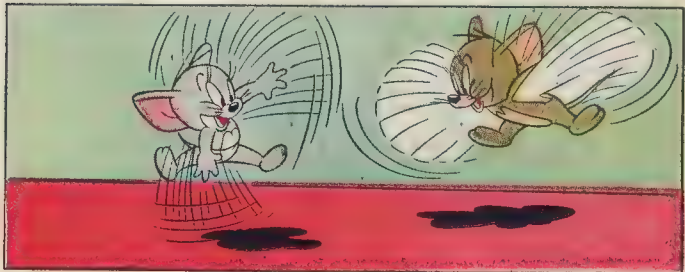
go downstairs, and I've thought so much about eating that cake, that I'll perish of starvation in five minutes, if I don't get to it!"

Jerry was just about to plan a desperate maneuver, when something landed PLOPP!!!, . . . right next to him!

"Tuffy!!" squeaked the startled Jerry. "Who threw you out of the study?"

Tuffy laughed, and shook his fan-like wings. "I flew, Jerry! Honest, the things work fine! It's a little wobbly at first, but with a bit of practice, it will be a snap!"

Jerry grabbed Tuffy's hand. "Hurry," he squeaked, "let's go back and fix me up some wings, too! If this stunt works, we'll have a trick that will be way over that dumb cat's head!"



Jerry was quickly fitted out with another pair of paper wings.

"Watch me!" sang Tuffy. "I've got this down to a science!" He poised gracefully on the edge of the desk, with his wings spread wide. Then, with a graceful leap, he stretched out into the air, and began to flap his arms violently.

"See?!" Tuffy made the mistake of trying to look back at Jerry.

B A MMMM!!!

Tuffy went into a spin and hit the floor with a thud!

"You've sure got this flying right down to a 'science'!" joked Jerry. "A few more landings like that, and you'll be in need of MEDICAL science!"

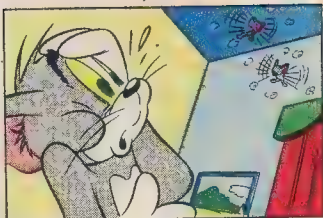
Tuffy climbed up on the desk again, and this time, both little fellows leapt cautiously from the desk and, by flapping their "wings" rapidly, managed to stay in the air!

Many minutes later, after numerous flops and tumbles, Tuffy and Jerry triumphantly emerged from the study. They hadn't managed to learn how to take off from the floor as a bird might, but with a high enough perch like the desk or a table, they could glide through the air for some time.

"Jerry!" squeaked Tuffy, excitedly. "If we jump off the upstairs balcony, we can make it right into the kitchen! Then, we can grab the cake crumbs and fly off before Tom can do a thing!"

"Right!" agreed the hungry Jerry. "Let's go!"

The two self-styled air-mice crept to a spot between the posts of the balcony railing, held their breath and jumped!



"Wheeeeeee!!!!" they shouted in unison, while poor Tom jumped about and stared in utter confusion at the sight of his friendly little enemies flapping about near the hall ceiling!

They sailed through the kitchen door, and landed safely on the breakfast table. The bewildered Tom ran into the kitchen after them!

"Willikers!!!" mumbled Tuffy, with his mouth full of cheese-cake crumbs. "We'd better get up on that window-sill, Jerry!"

Tom crouched . . . and sprang up on the table . . . just as Jerry and Tuffy scrambled up on the sill, and squeezed out through the open window. There wasn't enough space for Tom to follow them and, for the moment, they were safe.

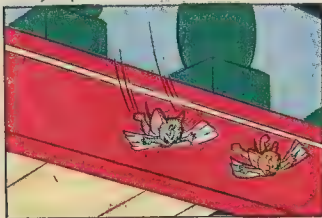
"Oh boy!" cried Jerry. "This is the life! What say we climb up on the house roof and take off from there! With that much altitude, we ought to be able to get a mouse-eye view of the surrounding countryside!"

With the aid of some climbing ivy, Jerry and Tuffy were able to get up on the roof in back of the kitchen. They took a long running jump, and glided out into the warm spring air. They were now getting used to the strange feel of the paper wings and soon found themselves able to fly higher and higher.

Suddenly, there was a loud honking! Honk! Honk!!!

Jerry and Tuffy glanced back. The sky was filled with large birds! They were flying in a tight V formation and there seemed to be thousands of them!

"Whew!" gasped the little fellows,





attempting to head down towards the treetops below.

"Honk! Honk!! Out of our way!!!" warned the birds

They swarmed over just as Jerry and Tuffy landed untouched in the leafy top of a high tree.

"I'm going to report those birds to the ones higher up!" squeaked Jerry indignantly. "They ought to be 'grounded' for 'buzzing' us that way!!"

By this time, Tuffy had regained his composure. "Don't be silly, Jerry! They're just a bunch of wild geese! You wouldn't be frightened of an old goose, would you?"

Jerry was still shaking. "Tuff, old pal, you bet I'd be scared! If we'd ever collided with those birds, our goose would have been cooked!"

"Jumpin' cashews! Sputterin' pistachios!!" clattered a high voice. "What kind of creatures are you?!? I thought I'd seen everything! If I didn't know it was ridiculous, I'd say you were flying mice!"

It was Filbert, the squirrel, and he kept chattering away, hardly giving Jerry or Tuffy a chance to answer.

"Cousin Filbert!" Jerry finally managed to interrupt. "It's us . . . Jerry and Tuffy . . . and I don't see why you think we're any funnier than flying squirrels!"

Filbert scurried from the branch where he had been perching and joined his two cousins. "Well, well! . . . It's you all right!" he chirped . . . and then he started to laugh!

Filbert chortled so loud, and so long, that Jerry and Tuffy were afraid he would fall right out of the tree. They tried to hold on to him. When he stopped laughing a moment, to catch his breath, Tuffy scolded him. "You

saw us flying, Filbert! Why are you laughing so? . . . We think we're . . . we're quite smart!"

Filbert just pointed to the sky, held his sides, and began to rock with laughter again. "It's . . . it's . . . it's going to RAIN!!" he finally managed to blurt out.

"G-G-Golly!" cried Jerry. "Tuffy! Hurry! Let's fly home! If our wings ever get wet, we'll crash land!!"

With hardly a good-bye to the still chuckling Filbert, Jerry and Tuffy hopped from the tree, flapped their wings, and started home

They were almost in sight of their own roof-top, when, **SPLASH**, the first rain drop fell!!

Jerry and Tuffy waved their wings harder and faster.

But **SPLASH . . . SPLASH!** The drops fell more quickly!!

They were right over their own house, when the rain really came down in torrents! . . . The glue on the wings melted and the paper fell apart!!

BIFF!!!!

BANGGG!!!!

Jerry and Tuffy hit the roof and rolled down the incline, right into the rain gutter!

Wet and bruised, they climbed out and hurried down the ivy vine to the kitchen window. Luckily, it was still open. In a jiffy, they were safe and warm in their own apartment

Later that day, while Tuffy was mending the cracks in the wall with taffy, Jerry said, "Tuff, better save a little of that stuff!"

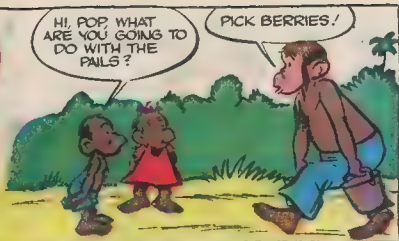
"What for, Jerry?" asked Tuffy.

"I just thought," answered Jerry, ". . . that it would be a good idea to put some of that taffy on our feet . . . just to make sure that from now on we **STICK** to the ground!"

FLIP 'N' DIP

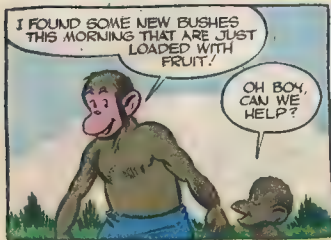
HI, POP, WHAT
ARE YOU GOING TO
DO WITH THE
PAIS?

PICK BERRIES!



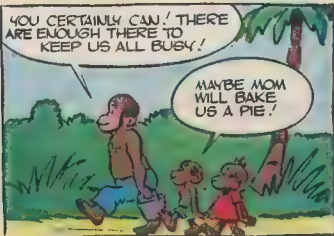
I FOUND SOME NEW BUSHES
THIS MORNING THAT ARE JUST
LOADED WITH
FRUIT!

OH BOY,
CAN WE
HELP?



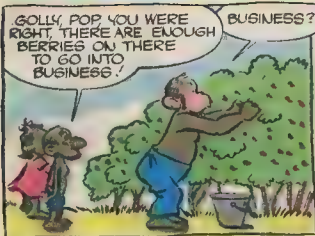
YOU CERTAINLY CAN! THERE
ARE ENOUGH THERE TO
KEEP US ALL BUSY!

MAYBE MOM
WILL BAKE
US A PIE!



GOLLY, POP YOU WERE
RIGHT, THERE ARE ENOUGH
BERRIES ON THERE
TO GO INTO
BUSINESS!

BUSINESS?



BY GEORGE, DIP, YOU JUST GAVE
ME A SWELL IDEA!



HUH?

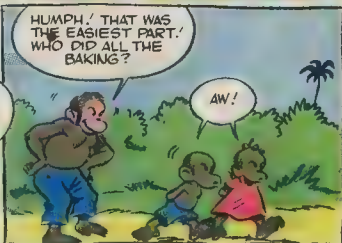
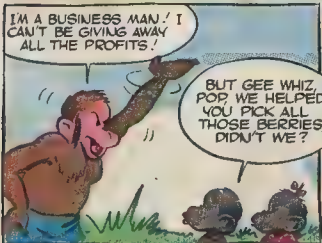
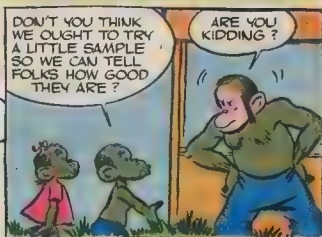
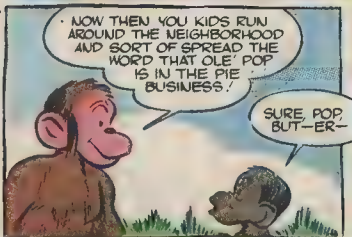
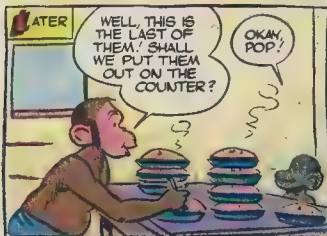
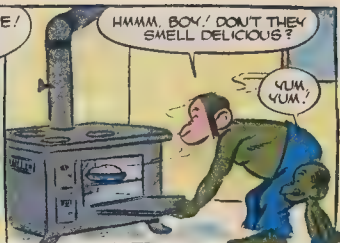
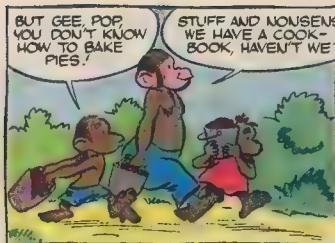
I'M GOING INTO THE
BAKERY BUSINESS!

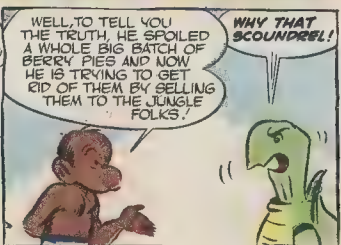
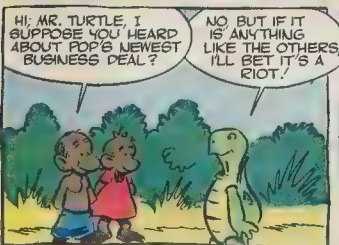
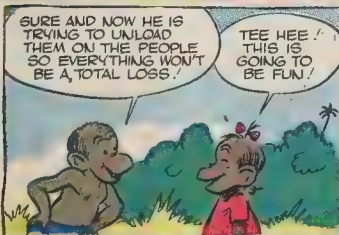
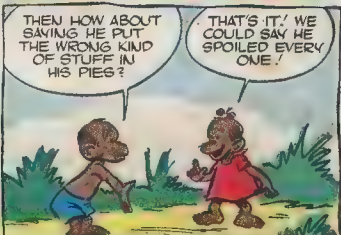
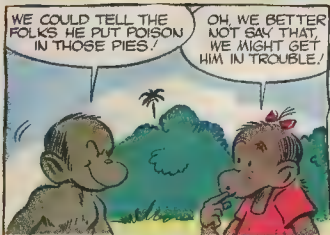
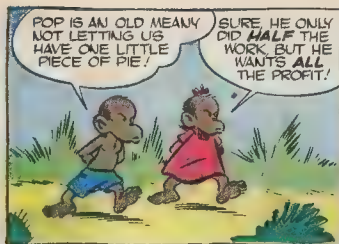


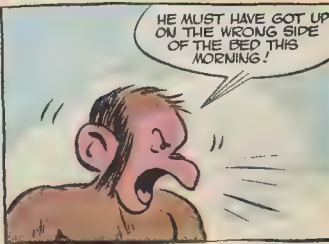
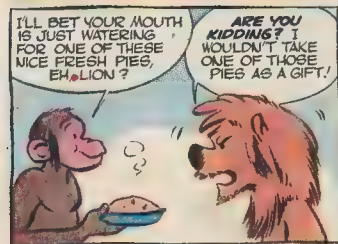
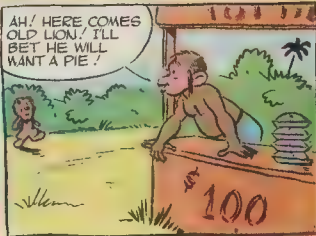
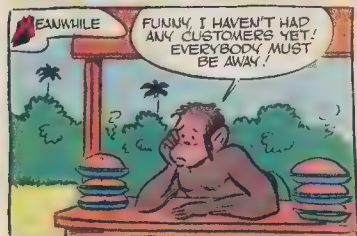
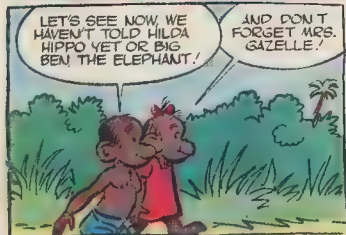
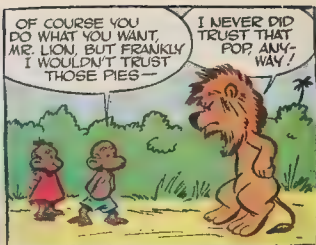
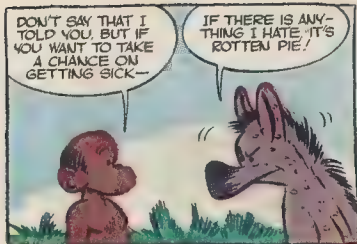
I DON'T GET IT,
POP, HOW CAN YOU
GO INTO THE BAKERY
BUSINESS WITH
JUST BERRIES?

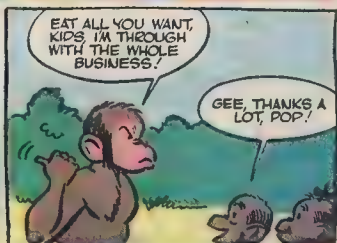
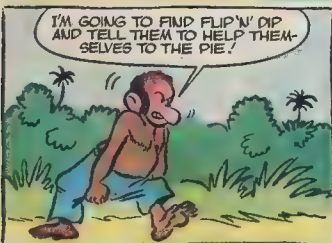
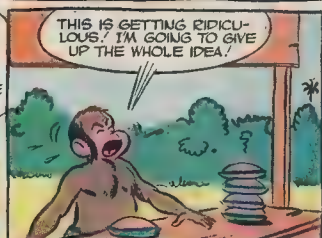
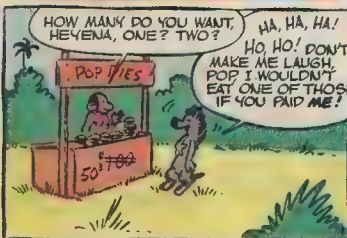
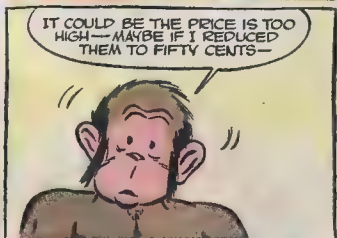
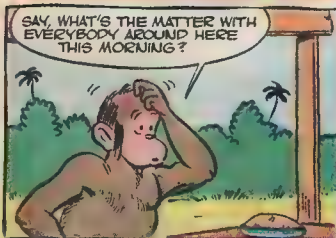
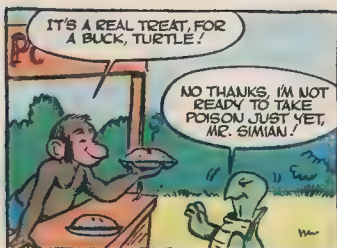
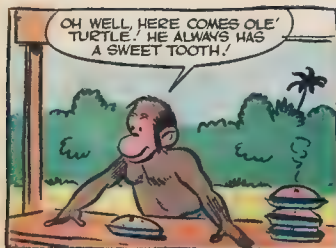
TWENTY-FIVE PIES
AT A DOLLAR A-
PIECE IS SURE A
GOOD
START!

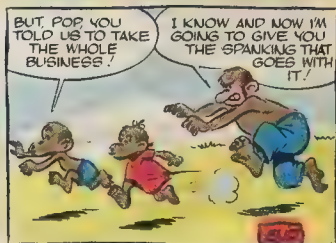
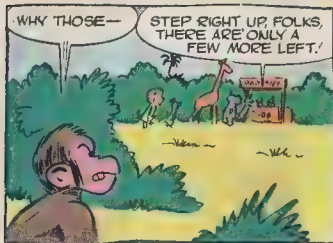
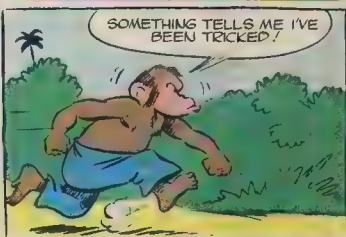
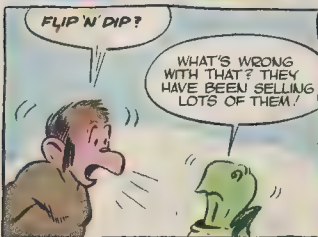
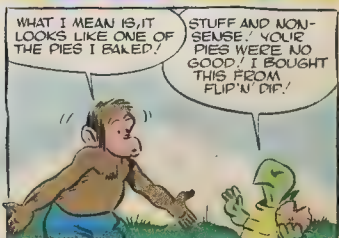
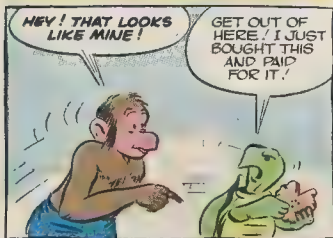
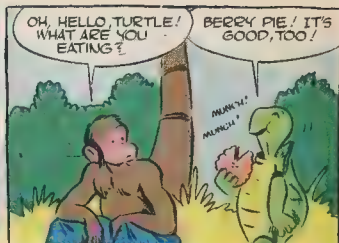
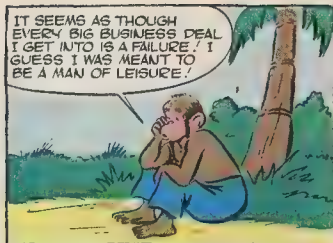












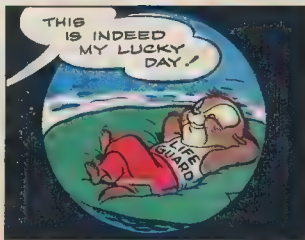
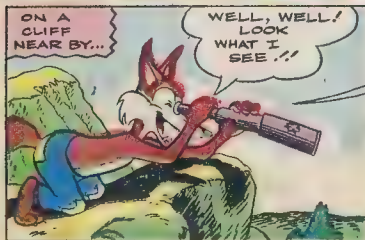
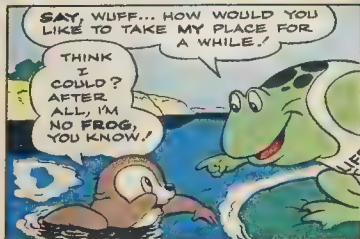
M. G. M.
CARTOONS
PRESENT

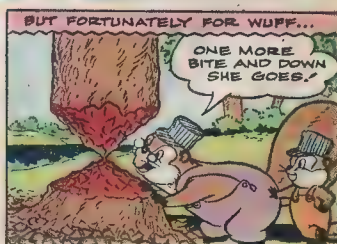
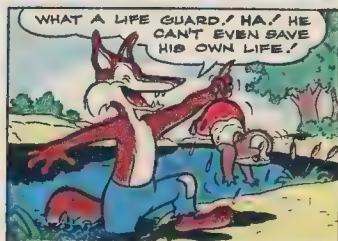
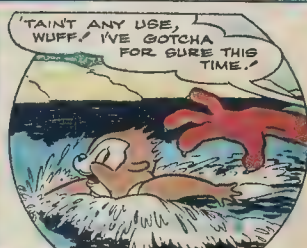
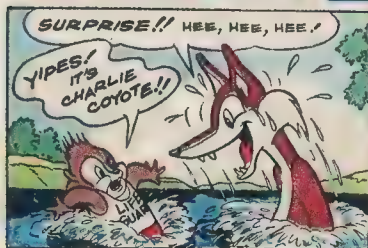
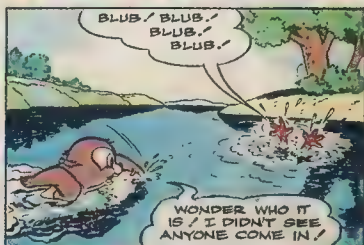
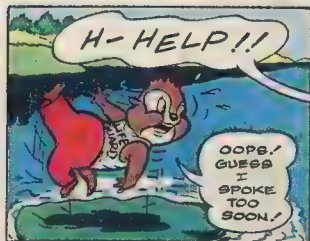
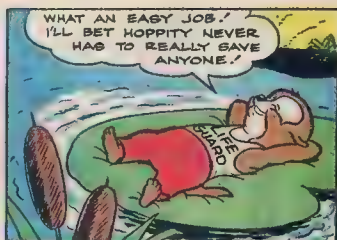
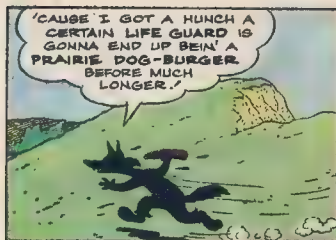
wuff,

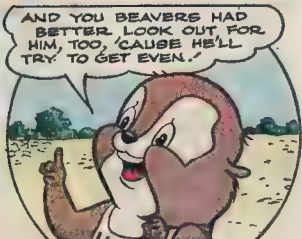
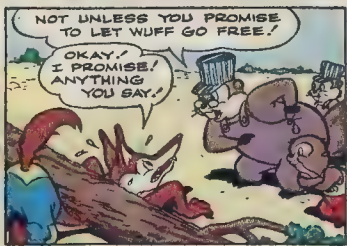
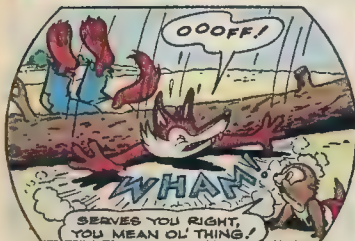
THE PRAIRIE
DOG

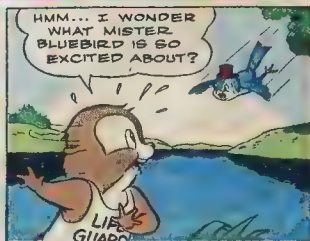
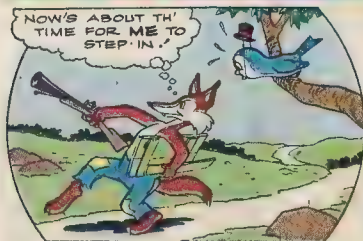
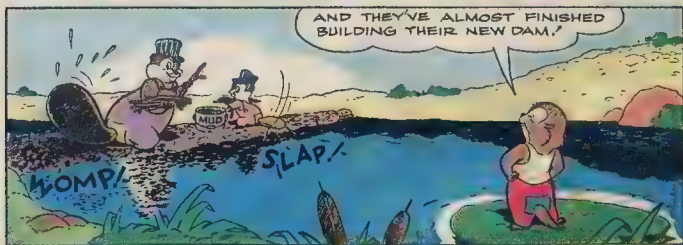
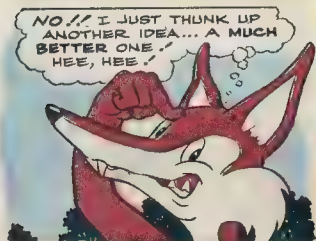
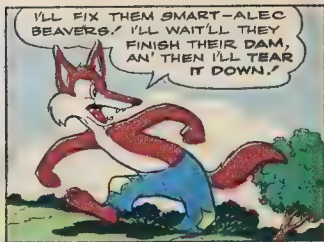
YOO HOO, HOPPITY! HOWS
THIS FOR A DIVE?

HMM... NOT BAD!
NOT BAD AT
ALL..









IT'S CHARLIE COYOTE! HE'S
AFTER YOU AGAIN... AND
THIS TIME, HE'S GOT
A GUN!

A
G-G-GUN!

DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF,
SMALL FRY! I AIN'T AFTER
YOU! I'M HUNTIN' SOMETHIN'
MUCH MORE
IMPORTANT...

SOMETHING THAT'S
GONNA MAKE ME
RICH!

?

ALL RIGHT, BEAVERS! FROM
NOW ON I'M TAKIN'
OVER THIS DAM.
SO SCRAM!

FROM NOW ON, EVER'BODY THAT
CROSSES THIS STREAM,
PAYS OFF T' ME!

TOLL
BRIDGE
75¢

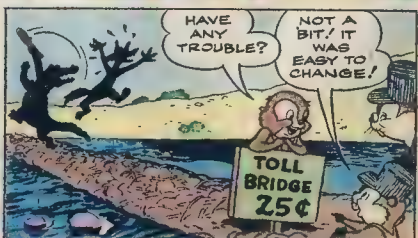
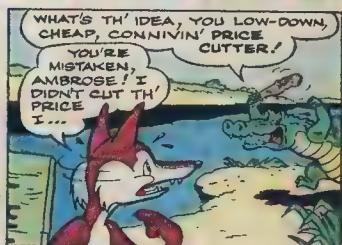
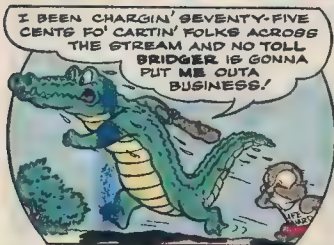
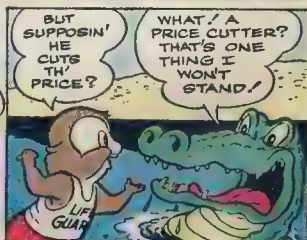
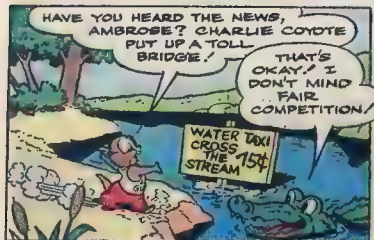
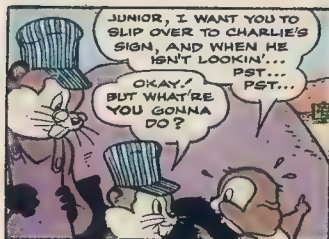
AND I
ADVISE YOU
BEAVERS
NOT TO
MAKE ANY
MORE
DAMS,
'CAUSE I
HATES
COMPETITION!

OH, WOE IS US. IT'S A SAD
STATE OF AFFAIRS WHEN
BEAVERS AREN'T ALLOWED
TO BUILD DAMS!

HOW
TRUE,
PAPA!

PST... MISTER BEAVER! I THINK
I KNOW A WAY TO HELP
YOU FOLKS!

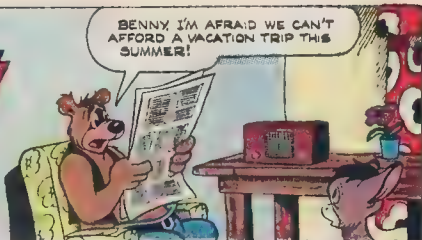
YOU?...
HOW?



M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO

BENNY, I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T
AFFORD A VACATION TRIP THIS
SUMMER!



HEY! HERE'S A CHANCE FOR A FREE
VACATION!

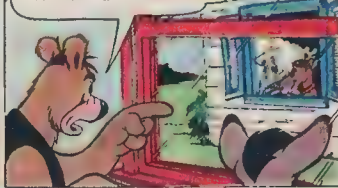


WHEN TH' PROGRAM COMES ON,
WE'LL LISTEN FOR TH' PHONE TO
RING!

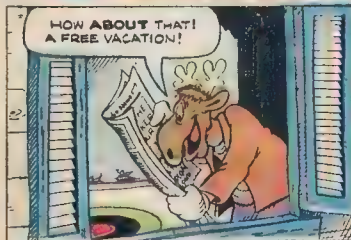
AN'TH'
FIRST ONE
TO ANSWER,
WINS!



BUT WE GOTTA BE
CAREFUL OR MOOSEFACE
MAY TRY TO HORN IN!

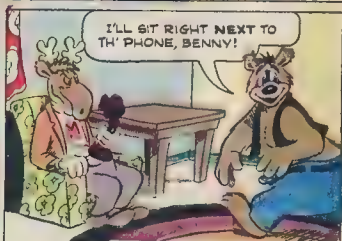
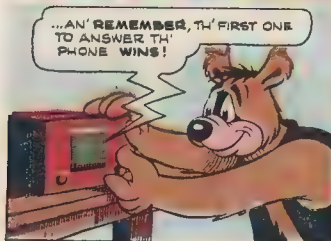
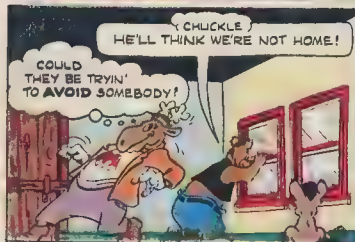
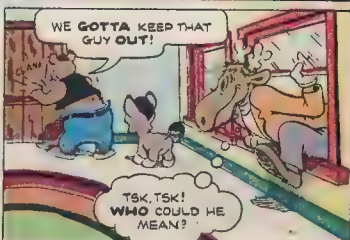
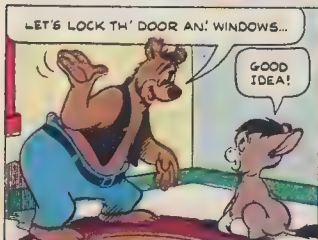
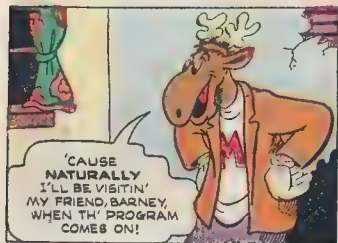


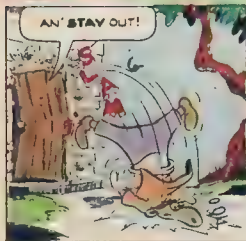
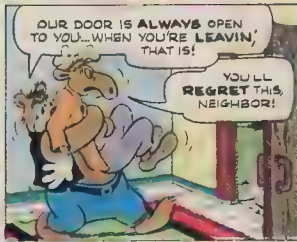
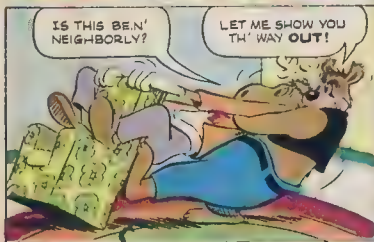
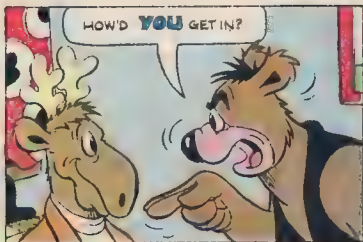
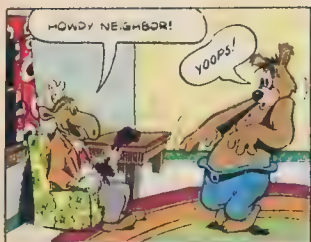
HOW ABOUT THAT!
A FREE VACATION!

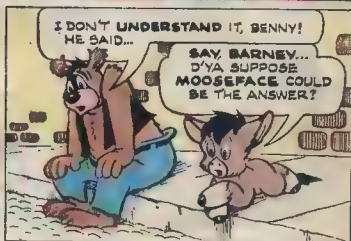
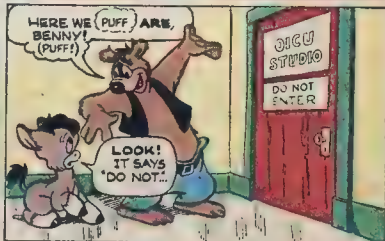
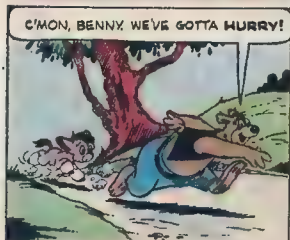
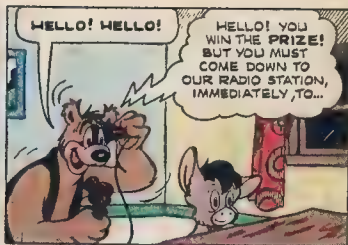
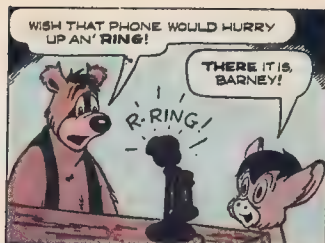


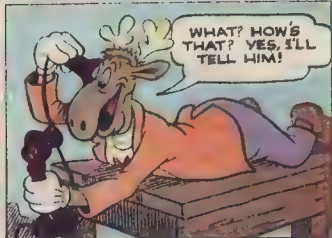
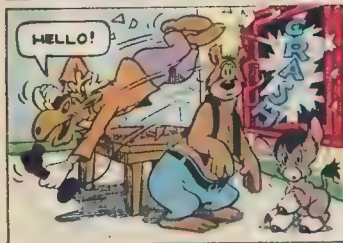
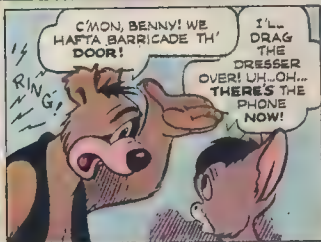
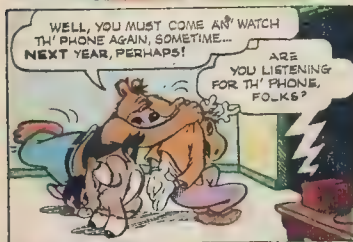
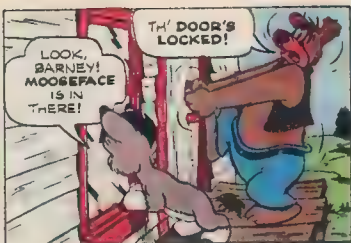
AN' NOT
HAVIN' A RADIO
OR A PHONE
WON'T STOP ME,
EITHER!

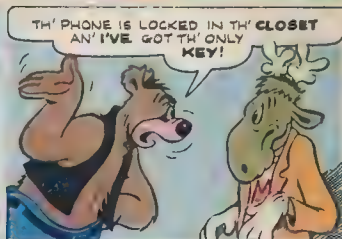
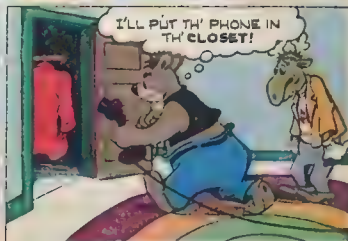
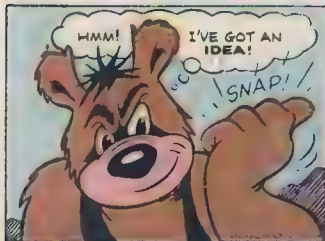
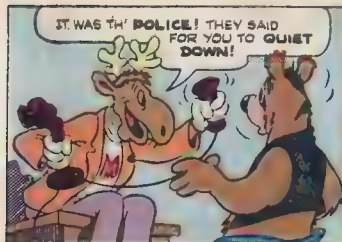


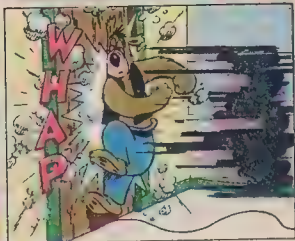
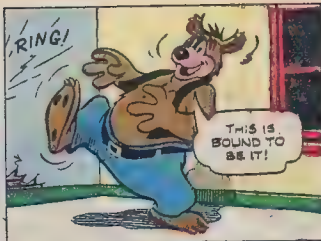


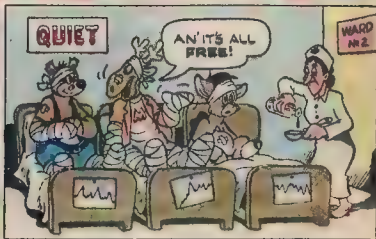
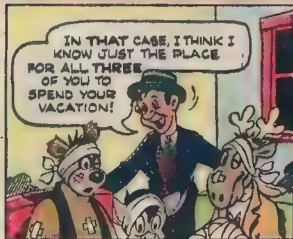
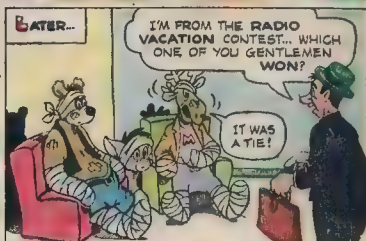
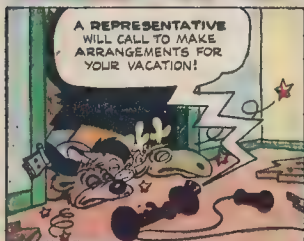
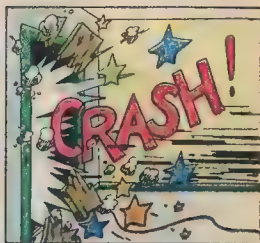












BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO appearing in M-G-M pictures

WMM CARTOONS
PRESENT

fuzzy and Wuzzy

BOY6, I'M GOIN' MOOSE
HUNTIN' IN TH' MORNING!

OH, BOY! MAY WE GO
WITH YOU, UNCLE BARNEY?

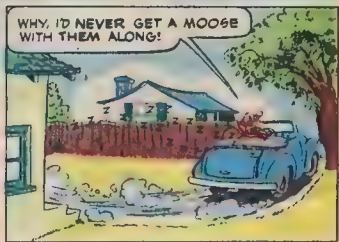
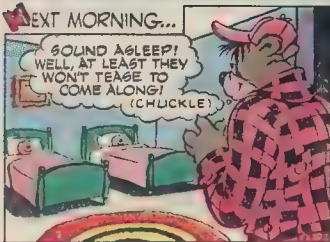
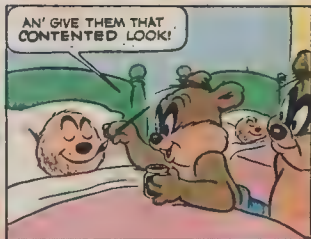
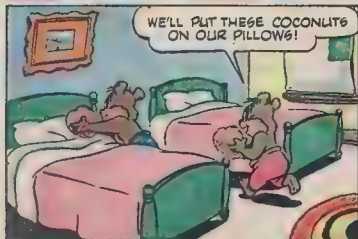
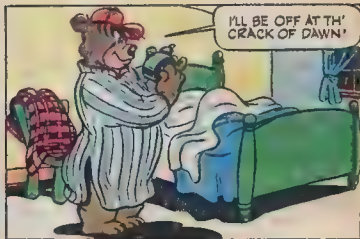
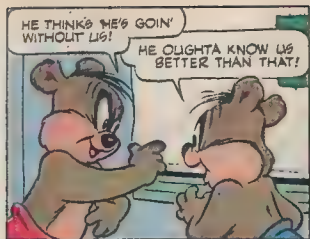
WHAT! KIDS LIKE YOU
ON A MOOSE HUNT?
NOTHIN' DOIN'!

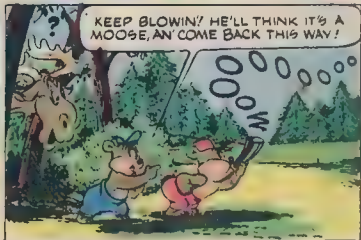
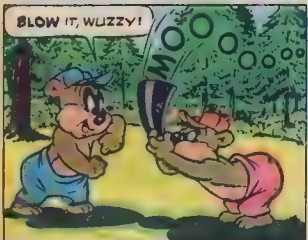
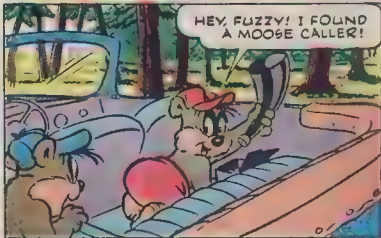
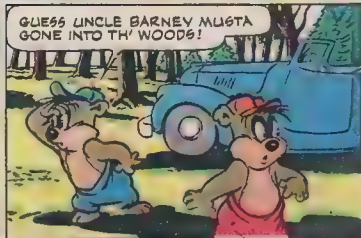
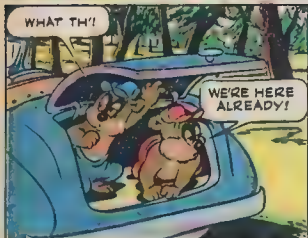
NOW GET TO BED!

WE'LL BE EATIN' MOOSE MEAT
FOR SUPPER TOMORROW!

I'LL LOAD UP TONIGHT AN' GET
AN EARLY START TOMORROW!

HE'S PUTTIN' HIS STUFF
IN TH' CAR NOW!





DEEP IN THE WOODS...

AHA! I HEAR
ONE BACK
DOWN TH'
TRAIL!

HE MUST BE A
LONG WAYS OFF!

SNORK

HUH?

H-H-HELLO, MISTER M-MOOSE!
H-HE WAS U-JUST B-B-
B-BLOWIN' TH' D-
DINNER HORN!

WE'RE GONNA
HAVE A P-PICNIC!

YOU MUST
JOIN US!

AN APPLE A DAY KEEPS
TH' HUNTERS, ER...
TH' DOCTORS AWAY!

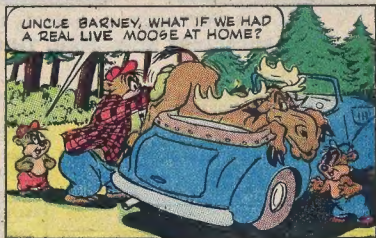
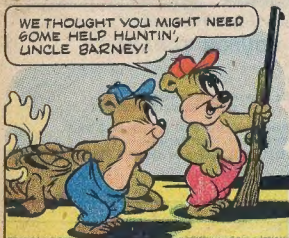
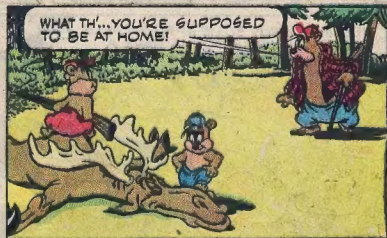
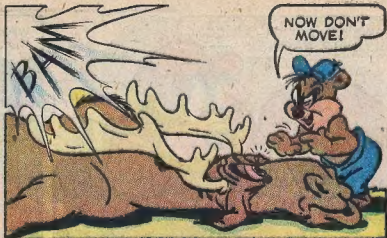
DO YOU TAKE
SUGAR?

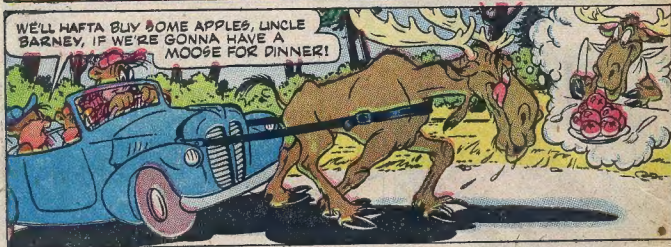
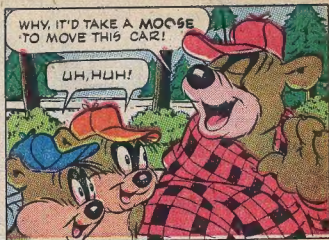
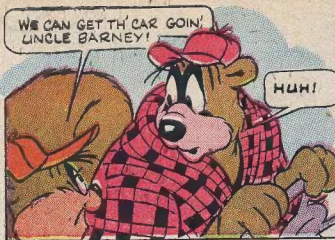
HE'S LICKING
MY FACE!

HE
LIKES
US!

WISH YOU WOULD
COME HOME WITH US!

ALIVE,
THAT IS!





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City _____ State _____

☐ 1 year \$1.00 ☐ 2 years \$1.85 ☐ 3 years \$2.70

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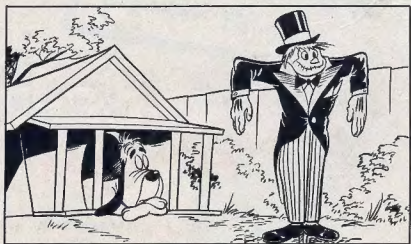
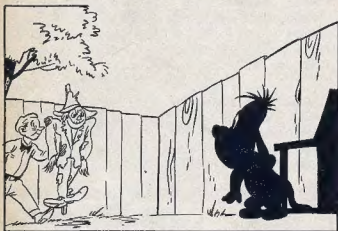
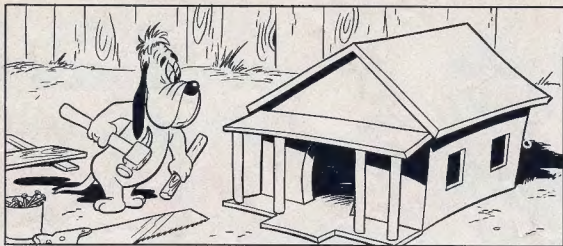
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YOUR ADDRESS SO
I CAN SEND YOU A

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details here...
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advantage of
this OFFER!



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